

BLUE OCTAVO SERIES
SECULAR

No. 1002

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

A Patriotic Song
For Unison Chorus
With Piano Accompaniment



Poem by
REV. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, D. D.

Music by
REGINALD DE KOVEN

Price, 8 cents net

HAROLD FLAMMER
Incorporated

56 WEST 45th ST.

NEW YORK CITY

God Bless America

Price
8 cents net

For Unison Chorus

*Poem by

Rev. George William Douglas, D. D.

Music by

Reginald de Koven, Op. 393

Moderato e maestoso alla marcia

Chorus

f *cresc.*

Chil-dren of the hap-py land, Born to think and un-der-stand,
Pray by word and pray by deed, As our Faith and Free-dom need,

f *cresc.*

con Ped.

ten.

One by one and each for all- Born to hark-en to the call Of
By the grace of Christ the Lord, Who taught us how to wield the sword. When

ten.

poco più marziale e con moto

cresc.

Faith and Free-dom God to-day Bids you to gird your loins and pray God
wick-ed men by war's a-larms Com-pel free men to stand to arms, God

cresc.

1 2

bless, God bless A-mer-i-ca, God bless A-mer-i-ca.
bless, God bless A-mer-i-ca, God bless A-mer-i-ca.

*By permission
(Copyright, 1917, by Rev. Geo. Wm. Douglas, D.D.)

f *cresc.*

So for Home, sweet Home, we fight to-day, For the homes of the whole wide world we pray; and

f *cresc.*

glad-ly we suf-fer, glad-ly die, For Faith and Free-dom un-der the sky, Till

ten.

ff

side by side all men can stand, And Love makes earth one Hap-py Land. God

ff

marcato molto *rit.*

bless, God bless A-mer-i-ca, God bless A-mer-i-ca!

marcato molto *rit.*

GOD BLESS AMERICA.

By the

Rev. George William Douglas, D.D.

Children of the Happy Land,
Born to think and understand,
One by one and each for all—
Born to harken to the call
Of Faith and Freedom—God to-day
Bids you to gird your loins, and pray
God bless America.

Pray by word and pray by deed,
As our Faith, our Freedom need,
By the grace of Christ our Lord,
Who taught us how to wield the sword.
When wicked men by war's alarms
Compel free men to stand to arms,
God bless America.

Under the sky, across the sea,
Millions have fought for you and me.
The guns we forged, the shells we sent,
By their brave men for us were spent.
Now we fight with them: none shall say
We would not suffer as well as they.
God bless America.

Across the sea, under the sky,
Hamlets and homes—such as you and I
Love for love's sake—the Hun to-day
Tramples and burns and sweeps away;
The ruthless Hun, whose submarine
On our own shores may soon be seen,
Our dear America.

Oh, the dreadful wastes of No Man's Land!
Farms bear no fruit, no homesteads stand;
And none but God's good Angels know
Where the murdered bodies were laid low.
But their souls are saved: they did not die
Where the bodies stark and lonely lie,
Far from America.

So for Home, Sweet Home, we fight to-day,
For the homes of the whole wide world we pray;
Gladly we suffer, gladly die,
For Faith and Freedom under the sky,
Till side by side all men can stand,
And Love makes earth one Happy Land.
God bless America.